

The Lady's Monitor.

BE THOU THE FIRST OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND;
HIS PRAISE IS LOST WHO STAYS TILL ALL COMMEND.
POPE.

VOL. I.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1801.

[NO. XI.]

A LESSON ON CONCEALMENT; OR, MEMOIRS OF MARY SELWYN.

(Continued from our last.)

TO HENRY KIRVAN.

"I wish you to deliver the inclosed papers to my friend Mr. H. and Miss Addington. They will authorize him to take possession of the property contained in my house. This arrangement is necessary, as I shall leave this city instantly, and quit America as soon as possible....never to return.

"You witnessed a strange scene last night; and have, no doubt, sagacity enough to perceive whither it tended. The consequences of that scene you will speedily know. Your candour will induce you to put the best construction on my conduct; and your gratitude and good sense will shew you the duty of concealing from the rest of mankind, both your own conjectures and the grounds on which they are built.

"I am in no mood to make this letter a confession; but, though the slave of the present impulse; though fickle, inconstant, and cowardly, I am not so wicked as one unacquainted with my motives might imagine.

"The unfortunate man whom you saw last night, once gloried in a lovely sister, the wife of his friend. Me he likewise called his friend, and, as such, presented me to her. I was an inmate of the same house. Her husband was gone upon a distant voyage. Our intercourse was frequent, familiar, and confidential. Such were the preludes to her dishonour, her infamy, and, perhaps, her death.

"Her husband's return was shortly expected; but she waited it not. A living proof of her crime was preparing to testify against her; and her father, who lived under the same roof, had begun to suspect. She fled from the house, and, as I

have this night heard, perished in obscurity and indigence.

"The husband doated on his wife, and the detection of her guilt was the signal of his destruction. He put an end to his own life. Of this dishonour, and this death, you know too much for me to desire to conceal the truth from you....I was the accursed cause.

"Such were the effects of one moment of infatuation! I had almost hushed my conscience and my fears to repose, in the belief that these effects were exhausted; but no! this night of horrors has added to the list.

"Heaven is my witness that I deeply deplored the injuries which, not my malice, nor my selfishness, but the intoxications of a momentary passion had done him. I have endeavoured to compensate those wrongs by the subsequent integrity of my conduct, and looked forward to the union of happiness with duty, in the love of Miss Addington. I concealed from her my past offences, while the disclosure might have won her pity or forgiveness, but I feared to set my felicity to hazard, and postponed the confession till it was too late.

"The rage of Selwyn was not to be appeased. He turned the heart of Henrietta against me by outrageous accusations. He filled, with abhorrence and loathing, her in whose bosom I had entrusted my peace. Not content with this he thirsted for my blood. No plea, no apology, no submission could avail, even to defer the strife of death for a single day. I did no more than comply with his bidding, and expose to the same chance, the safety of both.

"Farewell, good youth! I thank you for your faithful services. In reward for these services, and in token of my friendship, accept the inclosed bills. They will serve you till you find some profitable station.

E. HAYWOOD."

These consequences were, indeed, speedily unfolded by time. Not a day had elapsed before rumour was busy in telling of a fatal rencounter that took place in an unfrequented spot on the shore of the Hud-

son. It was late at night. The moonlight was remarkably brilliant, and the eye could see far and wide. Some persons walking in the road were alarmed by the report of too pistols fired nearly at the same instant. They hastened to the spot whence the sound proceeded, and found a man stretched upon the earth, in the agonies of death. He was insensible, and died before he could be removed to a hovel to which, as the nearest shelter, they had carried him.

Proper inquiries and examinations being made, it was found that the person killed was named Selwyn; that he was a native of Portsmouth, New-Hampshire; that he had come, a week before, from Boston; and was well known, in a small circle, as a man of probity and amiable manners. Appearances sufficiently bespoke the nature of the contest to which he owed his death; but none thought proper to communicate to the world, if any knew, the circumstances leading to this contest, and the person of the adversary. It remained a topic of conjecture and speculation, which, as usual, was fed for a time by plausible fictions, and led to many feasible, though fallacious conclusions.

Meanwhile I hastened to perform the commissions with which I had been charged. I gained access to Mr. H. He was an elderly and grave person, who received the papers with the air of one who knew their contents, and dismissed me without interrogation or comment.

I found Miss Addington alone, and seated in a melancholy posture, with a guitar in her hand. On noticing the superscription of the letter which I offered her, her eyes were filled with tears, and I marked an internal effort to regain her composure. She appeared to hesitate a moment whether to accept or refuse it; but, at length, received and put it in her bosom.

I lingered a few moments in hope of some occasion or excuse for prolonging my visit; but, though she regarded me with looks of curiosity, she betrayed no desire to converse; and, having fulfilled my charge, I was obliged silently to retire.

I was once more let loose on the world.

Haywood's generosity had enabled me to be idle, for a time, without beggary. I need not recount again my adventures previous to my arrival in your city, the events which led to my acquaintance with you, and the design of becoming the pupil of your art. I was not startled by the approach of the late terrible pestilence, and cheerfully engaged to assist you in your benevolent endeavours to disarm this pest of some of its horrors. In resolving to become a physician, I had formed a sort of tacit contract so stand forth the adversary of disease, in all its forms.

When I took up my abode with you your wife was absent. I knew her only by the picture which you had drawn, and by that evidence of her sagacity which your excellences afforded. She returned not till my own sickness began. She immediately assumed the office of my nurse. For some time I perceived merely that a good genius hovered over me in the form of a woman, but her figure was not examined. I heard her voice, and understood her requests and injunctions; but whether her accents were sweet or harsh, I was too much engrossed by my own sensations to determine.

The violence of my disease gradually abated, and I was able to observe what was passing. As often as I cast my eye upon the face of my nurse, somewhat appeared there that caused me to look again. Some intimation arose in my mind that these features had not now been seen for the first time. I reviewed the past incidents of my life. I called to memory the female faces I had met with in my own country and in this. I compared them with those of my nurse, but was able to detect no resemblance. I began, at length, to imagine that, perhaps, it had been my lot to meet with her somewhere in the city. Perhaps I had lighted on her in my rambles through the streets of this town, or had met her in some church into which I had entered. Yet that could not be. A face like that would not have flitted in my sight like any vulgar physiognomy; been glanced at, for a moment, and thought of no more.

It must not be imagined that this inquiry occupied much of my attention. It yielded place to those topics which my recent experience suggested. It occurred less frequently in her absence than her presence, and was thought upon with more or less intenseness according to the previous state of my mind. My musings upon every theme were, indeed, obscure and fluctuating, on account of my disease. I suppose I should sooner have lighted on the truth if my mind had possessed its customary energy.

One night, after the crisis of my malady had passed, I lay awake, and pursuing my thoughts with more accuracy of recollection, and more coherence than I had known since my indisposition. My eye was fixed upon a lamp on the table, whose oil was nearly exhausted, and that burnt feebly. The solemnity and silence of the hour, the solitude around me, and especially the gleams darted from the ill-supplied flame of my lamp; reminded me of what had passed in Haywood's house on the interview with Selwyn. I called up all the images which composed that scene, and traced once more the lineaments of Selwyn as they then appeared, pregnant with violent, but mixed emotions; the acuteness of grief, the bitterness of hatred, and the vehemence of expectation.

No object, perhaps, ever existed so vividly in the imagination of man, as this spectacle existed, at that moment, in mine. Not a hue or a lineament was wanting in the portrait. All before me was colour and form. I thought myself restored to that apartment, and was wholly occupied in gazing on the scene. My attention was so much absorbed, that I did not notice the entrance of your wife, who softly opened the door and approached the lamp with a flask of oil in her hand. This she poured into the vessel, and the dying flame instantly revived. This sudden illumination recalled me from my dream, and I turned my eyes towards the light, to discover the cause. My nurse's face was bent over it, her hands being still engaged in pouring out the liquid.

Engrossed as I was by the image of Selwyn, and scarcely conscious of the transition I had made from the ideal to the genuine object, this face being, like that, illuminated by the same reddish and dazzling beam, I was affected as if Selwyn's apparition was before me. The same cast of features was so strongly visible in both, that I doubted whether the figure tending the lamp, was not that of the dead in some new guise. I had not time to take a second view; for, her office being finished, she glided as softly & swiftly out of the room as she had entered it.

This incident arrested all my thoughts. At first, this resemblance was regarded as no more than a freak of fancy, but gradually it began to wear a more plausible appearance. I remembered the reflections that the countenance of this lady had so frequently excited, the vague but obstinate suggestion that I had somewhere met with it before, and the unsuccessful result of my inquiries. No woman that I ever met with, and whose image I was able to recal, possessed any remarkable resemblance to her.

Now, however, a similar vantage was discovered; but what should I infer from this discovery? Surely it was merely casual. Human faces may exhibit resemblances, without affording any ground for concluding that any relationship exists between them. And yet, was not that conclusion hastily formed? What hindered but that some relationship subsisted between this woman and Selwyn?

This was a thought pregnant with affecting consequences. My mind incessantly brooded over it, multiplied and weighed conjectures as to the nature of this kindred, and the effects which Selwyn's disappearance had produced, and the conduct which it became me to pursue. Hitherto my lips had been sealed on the subject of these disastrous occurrences. No exigence had happened since my parting with Haywood, to extort from me disclosures of the truth; but it seemed as if my new condition might create new claims upon my caution, and new trials of my fortitude, and that it became me to demean myself with vigilance and circumspection.

Selwyn had been mentioned as having had parents and a sister. Nothing had been said precluding the conjecture that he might have more sisters than one. She that had fallen a sacrifice to the arts of the seducer, might have left one sister, at least, to mourn over her fall....and this might be she. I was the depository of a secret momentous to her happiness. That secret now became burthensome. It was scarcely ever absent from my thoughts. My perturbations were excessive. Whenever she was present, I gazed, with unconquerable solicitude, upon her countenance. Methought I could have given half my existence to ascertain the truth, but shuddered at the foresight of the consequences which a remote hint, or vague allusion, might produce. If suspicions were awakened that her brother's destiny was known to me, I should be, probably, assailed by importunities from which I could not hope to escape.

She frequently noticed the intentness of my looks. At first they were regarded by her as tokens of dejection or pain; but this inference being earnestly denied, she betook herself to other guesses. At length she perceived that my eye followed her movements involuntarily, and that some confusion was manifested by me, when she enquired what it was that attracted my attention. I carefully evaded her questions; but, in so doing, only furnished new fuel to her curiosity.

I wanted to ascertain the truth. I was conscious that the resemblance I perceived might be merely casual; but this was outweighed by an opposite opinion: still a

large portion of uncertainty always remained. Circuitous methods of arriving at the sentiments of others were new to me. I was not qualified, by habit, to employ them with skill. They involved some degree of falsehood, and from this I shrunk with strong repugnance. I felt as if my features would betray my secret intentions in spite of my will; and that to maintain a firm voice and sedate manner in conversation, which should lead to the desirable point, was impossible.

She spent many hours in my chamber, occupied with her needle or her infant, or a book which she read aloud for my amusement. No wonder that my soul melted within me, when looking at, or listening to her. The conditions on which I remained in this house, the cheerful efforts that were made for my service, the unaffected benevolence of which I had been the object, made my heart glow. Added to this were the features of my nurse, her musical tones, the justness of her elocution, and her manners, expressive of boundless affection for her husband and child. When I, likewise, reflected on her similitude with Selwyn, and the calamities she had probably experienced, I was unable to restrain my tears.

Though I dared not make direct or indirect enquiries, I noticed and compared appearances. I soon observed that the equanimity of Mrs. Molesworth was not invariable. When seated near the fire in an evening, her husband being absent, her child asleep, and no light but a glimmering from the coals on the hearth, and forgetful that there was any to observe her, I sometimes perceived her features assume an expression of the deepest sorrow, and the tears secretly fall. If you chanced to enter during this reverie, she would start, dress her countenance in smiles, and seem to cast behind her every mournful recollection.

When reading a book, she would stop at certain incidents or reflections, muse pensively, or sigh, and then, by a kind of effort, regain her composure, and resume her task. These reflections and incidents had always some connection with the hardships to which the loss of reputation and honour subject her sex, and therefore tended to strengthen the conjecture, that the comparison was secretly made between her own experience and the reasonings or relations of the book.

I had never force of mind enough to lead the conversation towards the same point. Even when accident suggested topics which possessed some affinity to those images which crowded my brain, I endeavoured to change the theme. To

this I was not influenced merely by remembrance of Selwyn and his sister. I could never, on these occasions, forget that I also had a near relation, whose fate was not unlike that of the being whom Haywood had destroyed, and her image I was only happy in forgetting.

This perplexity, however, was destined to give place to a greater. One evening, when my sensations were more languid and dreary than usual, and my reflections were full of anxiety and hopelessness, she offered to beguile the hour with a book. The proposal was gratefully accepted. I did not expect to derive pleasure from attention to the volume; but the attitude which she assumed when reading, and the occupation which her eyes found in the page, allowed me to gaze upon her features, and indulge the reveries of my fancy, without exciting observation. The book was a tissue of diffuse, irregular, and superficial remarks upon solitude,* in which an anecdote occasionally appeared of much more value than the crude or injudicious reflections that preceded or followed it. One of these being connected with the author's character, and shewing the influence of parental folly in thwarting the affections of a child, was read with more pathos, and I listened to it with more attention than the rest.

A daughter fixed her choice on a youth who wanted no merit but that of being opulent and high-born. The father, whose hopes looked forward to the ennobling of his blood by his daughter's marriage, exacted from her the sacrifice of her choice. The sacrifice was made, and was followed by the death of the lover, by his own hands, and of the daughter, by a slow disease. This story, added to the features of the reader, which betrayed the deepest sympathy, operated on my fancy, distempered by sickness, and overfraught with images pertaining to Haywood, in a manner that I never before experienced. I uttered an exclamation of horror. My companion, dropping the book, and turning to me, anxiously inquired into the cause of my alarm. I had not time to retrieve my presence of mind, and answered, "Nothing. I thought it real; but my vision was confused. It could not be."

"Could not be! she replied: "What? what is it you speak of?"

"Be not alarmed," said I, endeavouring, in vain, to conceal my perturbations; "I mistook a spectre for a man. I thought I thought it looked over your shoulder at the book."

* Zimmerman on Solitude.

(To be Continued.)

Biography.

MEMOIRS OF

THE LATE DUC DE BIRON.

(Continued from our last.)

WHILE he was preparing to embark for America, intelligence reached him that the lady for whom he had once cherished the most ardent affection, was, at that moment, exposed to some pecuniary difficulties, and labouring under the anxiety of neglect, even from those in whom she had reposed unbounded confidence. The susceptibility of Lauzun's heart could not calmly endure the inquietude occasioned by such events; therefore, after obtaining leave of absence for a short interval, he collected the remnants of his pecuniary resources, enclosed the sum in a small PORTFOLIO, and, on a post-horse, unattended, set out from Paris. Thus did he travel many hundred miles, with little corporeal and still less mental rest, till he arrived at the abode of the fair recluse. It was in the dreary season of the year; the situation wild and barren; and nothing less eccentric than the feeling of such a character, could have prompted or performed so romantic an expedition.

He was immediately admitted; he found the lady alone; he had not power to utter a syllable; but, after placing the port-folio on a table which stood before her, he quitted the room, re-mounted his horse, and re-measured back his route towards Paris; shortly after he embarked for America, where, by his gallant conduct, he soon became highly distinguished. He was the friend of the Marquis de la Fayette; and he also enjoyed the esteem even of his military adversaries, among whom may be named the Earl of Moria, then Lord Rawdon; a man no less distinguished for valour than for virtue, for political knowledge than for genuine philanthropy!

When York-Town was surrendered by the English, Lauzun was dispatched to the court of Versailles with the important tidings. On his arrival at Paris, he was received with acclamations of transport; the messenger of conquest, the harbinger of that peace which was, in a great degree, accelerated by this important capitulation. The metropolis of France now became a scene of the most brilliant festivity. Versailles was the temple of delight; and Lauzun was the idol of the day. His name was re-echoed by all ranks of people; and the surrender of York-Town was considered as the most promising event which had been recorded on the annals of

the American war. But the French, people, particularly those who were blinded by courtly splendour, did not foresee that those who, by their valour, had contributed towards the establishment of liberty in America, would scarcely permit the ardent effects which it produced to lie dormant in their bosoms.

The Duc de Lauzun, at this period, possessed a small villa at MONTROUGE, in the vicinity of Paris. It was completely fitted up after the English fashion; all the domestics, excepting one or two, were of this country, and even his table was arranged after the manner of the English. This retreat was the scene of rational festivity, very unlike the temples of some illustrious personages, who dedicated their villas to the most profligate debasement.

The late Duke of Orleans, then Duc de Chartres, followed the example of Lauzun; and the fairy palace of MOUCEAU was inhabited by English domestics. There English liberty was enthusiastically extolled, and French despotism daily discussed without reserve; till a spirit of reform, and a glow of newly awakened independence, fastened on every mind among the inferior classes of society.

Shortly after the commencement of the revolution, the subject of these pages, then Duc de Biron, having succeeded his uncle in fortune and title, set out for England. His personal attachment to the Queen, in a great degree, kept down the spirit of republican ardour, and suppressed that active zeal which would otherwise have influenced his conduct in the cause of freedom. Biron was the very soul of chivalry. The queen of France was beautiful, and persecuted. The event of his departure terminated unfortunately. Biron's resources were locked up by the strong head of anarchy: he had many debts in England: his creditors, either under the supposition that he was become opulent, by the death of his uncle, or that he would shortly be exposed to indigence by the convulsions of political changes, arrested him; and he was, for several weeks, confined in the house of a sheriff's officer.

It was there that the enterprising soul of Biron indulged in the varying emotions which his chequered destiny gave birth to; and, while his bosom glowed with the enthusiasm of liberty, it also ached under the severe humiliations of a constrained captivity.

In this distressing embarrassment, the Earl of Moira, whose mind and whose conduct do honour the human nature, re-

ceived information of the Duke's confinement; and, by his interference and friendship, Biron was liberated. But the power of legal prosecution had only augmented the enthusiasm of freedom; and he returned to Paris to unite with the most popular leaders of the revolution.

There he renewed his friendship with the Duke of Orleans, who had assumed the title of Egalité; and, by his influence, was prevailed on to take the command of the army of La Vendee. Whether Biron felt the dreadful effects of anarchy, while he hourly received accounts of massacres and horrors; or whether the sufferings of the ill-fated and persecuted Maria Antoinette impressed his sensible and philanthropic mind, is not clearly ascertained; but he certainly evinced an inactivity of soul, which terminated in his destruction. He was recalled to Paris, deprived of the rank which he held in the army, imprisoned, and executed!

Here let the sensible reader bestow a tear, while reflection shews the progress of Biron's fall from power to degradation; from the most splendid altitudes of fame and fortune, to the gloomy platform of the guillotine! and, while memory transcribes his many virtues, his gallant actions, his amiable sensibility, and his romantic enthusiasm on the page of Time, let Pity efface, with her spontaneous tears, the frailties of human nature, and the last sad close of his unfortunate destiny.

THE REFLECTOR.

HE ACCEPTS THE OFFICES OF A FRIEND.

SOON after you intimated your design, I ran over in my mind the number of your predecessors who have lived and died in the same walk of literature. It afforded me small consolation for the accidents to which you will be liable, that you possess taste sufficient to discern, and fortitude enough to reject the pieces of bare merit, with which you will be deluged by friends. Do not think, for a moment, I mean to compliment you here; you should assume, without hesitation, the superiority it is allowed you possess; for I am persuaded a tall man has little occasion to fear being hid in a crowd.

With some essay-writers, as they are humbly called, I had the honour, in younger life, to be personally acquainted; from them I learnt the means whereby they existed to good old age; or the accidents that accelerated their exit. All I have acquired, on these points, is perfectly at your service.

Many a good dissertation have I perused with rapture, which had been thrown aside to make room for the production of Jack Such-a-one, or a fellow-collegian; and I actually met with a piece, rather long, it is true, but stored with arguments so pithy as would have completely overturned the Leibnitzian philosophy, which gave place to an unmeaning thing, because written by a friend, and sprinkled over with scraps of Latin, like a Gothic edifice with monsters' faces. I rest confidence in your promise to avoid such pedantic quotations; and I feel more secure in it, since we frequently notice your attachment to genuine English.

One of my old acquaintance was equally unfortunate on the other hand: he was necessitated to write and re-write all his correspondence, in imitation of the Spectator; but he erred (as I am a proof you have not done) in publishing too privately his ardent desire to be favoured with the lucubrations of contemporary wits.

Another class of those writers, including all I have read, or heard of, from Aulus Gellius to Mr. Cumberland, obtruded themselves upon the world, neither asking "with your leave, or by your leave," which I take rather impertinent; they pushed themselves into notice, sometimes deservedly into favour, like an unbidden guest, without invitation or introduction. I know, and have felt, the awkwardness of a first interview; it is to the bashfulness which ever attends real merit, that we are to attribute the discouragements often put upon men of letters. With respect to ministers of religion, this is more peculiarly the case; so many of the students in divinity are shame-faced, that where one starts forth superior to learning and to blushes, he is sure to arrive within a move of the lawn sleeves.

You have now an opportunity of avoiding the irksomeness of self-introduction; it is equally in your power to punish the temerity of one who sits silent while you instruct and charm our little assembly, by putting your future papers in ambush behind the sheet; and if your undertaking be condemned by those who arrogate the right of damning, though they cannot save, I shall only experience again the mortification of being laughed at, as was once the case when I attempted to vindicate the actions of a venal administration—for I had not fortitude enough to starve at three-and-twenty.

I thought proper thus to acquaint your readers, that I possess the necessary qualifications of him who undertakes to introduce another, viz. that I have been my-

self introduced to the notice of the public under a variety of signatures, and on a variety of subjects, besides politics and revelation; and though but modestly dressed for so courtier-like an office, ample compensation will be made at your *debut*, for the poverty of the foil near which your future gems are intended to glitter.

The world, Sir, should next be informed of your claim upon its sufferance, and of your pretensions to its favour. It was in this manner the old Essayists wriggled themselves into our good graces; they appeared diffident, yet assumed applause; they confessed weakness, while evincing their strength; they simpered about Ladies, and, Friends, and Clubs, *et cetera* ere they presumed to disclose their intentions, but not until their readers were heartily tired of the first number.

You are too diffident to proclaim aloud the coterie, of which you are an ornament; you cannot summon assurance enough to publish in what manner you have laboured to excite talents, which you bring to a focus, as it were, at our occasional or stated meetings, and can call to your aid upon any emergency. It is left to others to spread far and wide the fame you have already acquired on 'Parnassus' steep ascent, and down the dingling dell, where gentle prose begins her equal course."

If you do not make the use of this letter alluded to above, I foresee you will erect your pillar without regard to the objects around you, without respect to the cry of opponents; unconscious of the effects of malevolence, you will be careful only, that THE REFLECTOR pays his respects in form, meets with the approbation of the unbiassed, and is admitted into genteel company; where his beauties may be recognised, and his real defects (if such there be) receive their reward...indifference and neglect.

WHAT IS LOVE?

Was there ever any satisfactory account given of the passion of love? Was the subject ever handled *didactically*? What is love? Has this question, so often asked, ever been properly and clearly answered?

Some call it a passion. Some term it a disease. Some describe it by its symptoms, and give us, instead of definition, a case. When we want reasoning and deduction, they amuse us with a story. Perhaps this is the best, and the only way. The situation in which an affection of the mind takes root, grows up, flourishes and dies, the sensations that attend it, and the

consequences mentally and personally that ensue, are, perhaps, all that can be said in answer to him who asks, "what is love?"

Yet I am not contented with this. I seem, after all, to be as much perplexed and uninformed as I was before the tales were told; nay, more so. Instead of stopping, or returning, my anxiety is more active, my wonder more importunate. The case stated, are full of seeming contradictions, of incidents and feelings, which I cannot connect in a distinct chain to each other. Events take place, and emotions are produced *unaccountably*. Now, do these difficulties rise merely from my own ignorance or want of penetration, or from the very nature of the thing?

Love is often an error; an evil; it murmurs at obstacles that cannot be removed; it desires what cannot be obtained. It unsettles the thoughts; hurts the understanding; preys upon the health. It sometimes generates sorrow, sometimes madness, sometimes death; either by secretly consuming the vital principle, or arming the enamoured wretch with self-destroying steel, or cord, or poison.

It is an evil of every degree. Some it affects for a moment; others it torments for years. Some it slightly incommodes; others it tortures and kills. All degrees of force, from sobering the features to bursting the heart; all degrees of duration, from a moment to an age, are attended on the thing called love.

It is modified by custom, by opinion, by individual habits and propensities. Love in one age, in one nation, in one sex, in one person, is different from love in another age, nation, sex, or person. It is mutable, capricious, deceitful; it can never be foreseen, prevented, or, by any medical and expeditious process, be cured.

Love is never the same thing in the same mind for any perceptible duration. It varies each month, each day, each hour, and each instant. It varies as the circumstances that surround us vary. It is never at a stand; always growing or dwindling; and never waxing or waning at the same rate in different persons or at different times; and yet, in all its variety of shapes, and sizes, and duration, and symptoms, and effects, it is always recognized by the same name. Variant as this passion is, we are never at a loss to name it.

Since, according to events, it leads either to happiness or misery; since its misery is endlessly diversified in kind, duration, and degree, so likewise, its happiness is no less wonderfully varied. As it has occasioned instant death through too much sorrow, instant death has fol-

lowed it from too much joy. Its success, as its disappointment, has enfeebled and destroyed the frame at one time, and dispelled disease, and recalled from death at another,

The end that it toils after, the good that it craves, is by no means uniform. As its force and symptoms are modified, so its objects are influenced by custom. Sometimes it is exclusive; sometimes it is contended to participate with others; sometimes it merely craves possession of the person; sometimes is contented with obtaining the affections; sometimes is only to be satisfied by both. It is sometimes a monopolist, sometimes a partner, and sometimes is not offended at absolute community.

Other passions spring up in circumstances not incident to every one. Love is inseparable from sex; sex is the property of all; all therefore are liable, and all have experienced the influence, somehow modified, of love; for all impulses and cravings, joys and sorrows, flowing from sex, varied as they are by customs, habits, and opinions, must still be resolved into love.

This passion is not extinct, because sex is not extinct, in absolute solitude. The misery of him that lives alone, chiefly flows from love; and this would be the case if he had never known a fellow creature, and was therefore ignorant of the meaning of the term sex. Such were the miseries, as Milton paints them, of Adam's solitude in Paradise.

I begin with inquiring what love is, and perhaps have made, insensibly, some progress in answering my own question; but I am not satisfied with my own researches, and would gladly hear the question, not narratively or ludicrously, but gravely and scientifically answered.

New-York,

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1801.

THE Editor conceives that an apology for the non-appearance of THE LADY'S MONITOR the two weeks last past, is quite unnecessary: he will only observe that the prevalence of 'the fever,' of which his brother now lies dangerously ill, caused him to follow a majority of his Subscribers, and seek an assylum far from the abodes of Disease and Death. He congratulates them on their return to town; and ardently prays that a like cause for removal may never exist.

SOLUTION TO THE ENIGMAS (BY J. F.) IN
OUR KAST.

1. Horsemanship.
2. Heroine.

ENIGMAS FOR SOLUTION.

BY N. P.

1.

In wealth I abound; in water I stand;
As a fencer I'm valued all over the land;
At Venice I'm famous; by farmers I'm priz'd,
Respected by law, yet by huntsmen despis'd;
Consternation and ruin ensue when I break;
And the beasts of the forest advantage on't
take.

2.

I inhabit a forest; I dwell in a city;
For mischief I'm famous, and reckon it witty,
The watch I assail; dogs are my sworn foes;
My powers of cleansing the laundress well
knows.

3.

Horns though I wear, in yonder sky
Astronomers have plac'd me high;
The seeds of cruelty I nourish;
And 'mongst Hibernia's children flourish.

Amusements.

THE DRAMA.

No one will deny that the drama has a much higher tendency than mere amusement. Whoever has seen a play performed, with proper interest, will feel, that the Theatre is a school where manners may be polished, and every thing learnt which distinguishes us from the barbarian. Public representations are recognised as the *tone* of a nation. As these are high or low; as they are supported, canvassed, criticised, or disregarded, a people's genius and propensities may be estimated; and its taste, and even learning, appreciated according to their just value. For instance, if we were told of a nation were posture-dancing, exhibitions on the rope and wire, and pantomimical entertainments are held in high esteem; we should not hesitate to pronounce them lovers of Jack-pudding, and the patrons of jugglers.

A proper sense of the importance of the Theatre, regulated the instruction of the Grecian youth. That nation, renowned through the earth for its philosophy, made the exhibition of plays contribute to the extension of morals: even the wise Socrates assisted Euripides in the composition of tragedy, and deduced arguments for his disciples from some well-known characters of the Athenian stage.

Athens imparted to Rome her learning, and her modes of instruction; her Stagyr-

ite became the criterion of just composition; and every performance, not consonant to the Grecian rule, was denied the palm of excellence in the capital of the world. On the revival of literature and the arts, the rude productions of the first dramatists perfectly agreed with the general taste; nor, until the retreat of puritanism, in the latter part of the sixteenth century, did Britain evince any thing like just modes of writing, of acting, or of judging plays. If, indeed, at an earlier period Nature produced her Shakspeare; if some resort to the play-houses then established itself, we should ascribe this to *his* superior genius, and to that of his colleagues and immediate successors, rather than to the discernment or taste of the times.

In a more auspicious era awoke the lambent flame of Britain's muse, enlightening the murky shelves on which "the immortal bard" had for ages lain neglected: at that moment the stage, deluged with productions the improving state of knowledge refused to own, sent forth sparingly those classic pieces which rank second in merit to Shakspeare alone. The Censor's voice was respectfully heard in this discrimination; and although the clamorous cynic, and the sordidly interested, sometimes opposed those decisions, we have reason to be grateful for the approbation which has sealed the genuine, or refused the spurious efforts of the muse.

TOWARDS the close of last season, our citizens were amused with the representation of a new, historical drama, from the pen of the German Shakspeare, entitled "The Abbé del' Eppée; or, The Dumb Made Eloquent.

This interesting piece may be considered an handsome compliment to the humane institution established at Paris for the instruction of the deaf and Dumb, of which fame has spoken so highly. Of the merits of the establishment, the following description, given by the Abbé del' Eppée, the founder of the seminary, may afford some idea. "If the peasant," says he, "feels delight when he beholds the abundant harvest which rewards his industry; judge what must be my sensations, when I stand in the midst of my pupils, and see how the unfortunate beings emerge by degrees from darkness; how they become animated by the first beam of heavenly light; how they step by step discover their powers, impart their ideas to each other, and form around me an interesting family, of which I am the father." An institution such as this, must be a fruitful

source of anecdote, and accordingly we find the author has, in the present instance, availed himself of one long familiar to the public, and not the less interesting from its being founded on fact. The fable is the simplest that can be conceived; but its simplicity is the simplicity of nature, and the most successful appeal to her force and influence. Julio, an interesting youth born deaf and dumb, the orphan heir to the first magistrate of Toulouse, is brought to Paris by Darlemont, his uncle and guardian, and exposed in a mean attire. Here he is received into the Philanthropic Asylum for unfortunates of this kind, under the name of Theodore. His manners, so ill corresponding with the meanness of his dress, at once induce the discerning Del'Epée to suspect that his pupil is the victim of fraud and injustice, and the quick intelligence of the youth soon confirms this suspicion. He accordingly sets out with him for the south of France, from some city of which his observations on the conduct of the boy led him to conclude he has come. Arrived at Toulouse, the extravagant joy exhibited in the looks and gestures of his companion satisfies the Abbé that he has reached the sought-for place. It is here the scene opens with a view of Toulouse, and Theodore, recognizing the habitation of his father, now usurped by his uncle.—His restoration to his fortune constitutes the interest of the plot, of which the means by which that end is accomplished form the principle ingredients. Julio recognizes the old domestics of his father, and is recognized by them in return. Proofs rise on proofs of his identity; but it is not until after a most obstinate resistance to their force that the uncle confesses his guilt, and restores his property to the injured Julio.

There is also an underplot, judiciously blended with the main story. It consists of the love of St. Alme, the son of Darlemont; but his reverse in disposition, from Marianne; all obstacles to which are removed by the generosity of Julio, whose first act, after he obtains possession of his fortune, is to settle half of it upon his cousin. From the recital of this story, the reader might not suppose it a source of great interest. It is therefore impossible to speak of it in adequate terms of praise, without the suspicion of over-rating its merits. We must however, assert, that of all the productions of this celebrated author, which have yet appeared in an English garb, the present is equal in interest to any, and superior in purity of sentiment and moral to all. The ground which he has chosen has the ad-

vantage of novelty, but it has also the disadvantage of being extremely difficult. Of this he seems to have been perfectly aware, for the Abbé tells Franval, the advocate, whom he engages in his pupil's cause, that "a person that is deaf and dumb, always creates distressing sensations;" and that he was therefore afraid the presence of his pupil might not be pleasing. With such a knowledge of his subject, Kotzebue must have been afraid that the infirmities of nature were dangerous subjects for theatrical exhibition. In all the incidents and situations the author has been peculiarly happy: they are all of the most simple, natural, and domestic kinds; they are such as come home to men's business and their bosoms; they are such as they may every day see in the families of others, and tremble for in their own, connected and embellished with all those affecting scenes which render injured innocence doubly interesting by the helplessness of its situation, and all those sentiments of humanity which flow from the peculiar nature of the subject.

THE SHAKSPEARE-GALLERY,
NO. 11, PARK.

THE alliance between painting and poetry has been long acknowledged, and a variety of illustrations has been offered to the public upon this interesting subject. To embody the airy visions of the poet, is an arduous task, and but few have talents equal to the accomplishment. There are, however, certain artists endowed with that portion of celestial genius that can execute almost whatever has been previously conceived in the imagination. The ingenious Mr. LONGWORTH is entitled to all the merit of collecting, arranging, and displaying the paintings and engravings which compose this sublime display of human powers. We witness, with pleasure, the rapid increase of the fine arts in our country. A pleasing proof of the growing taste of our citizens is evident from the routine of visitants which constantly throng the Shakspeare-gallery.

Addison, who was certainly a master of composition, lays down a specific rule by which the truth of poetic imagery is to be ascertained. The rule is, that we paint the imagery: thus represented before the eye, he is of opinion that any defect, or incongruity, will be instantaneously detected. By this canon of criticism has Shakspeare been adjudged by Mr. Alderman Boydell, and been found to abide the trial to which he has been subjected. This circumstance must lead us to entertain a

more exalted opinion of "the immortal bard," who, the more he is examined, the more he will command our admiration. He, unlike the common herd of poets, will bear a microscopic scrutiny; and we shall rise from the inspection impressed with the highest respect for his talents and memory.

It will be impossible for the reader to judge of the real merit of these pieces merely from the perusal of any description that can be given of them. To inspect them, and to inspect them *with attention*, is the only mode of ascertaining their genuine merits. Paintings and engravings must be contemplated through the medium of the eye....to that organ are they particularly addressed; and upon that sense they generate a most vivid impression.

In the engravings from the most striking scenes in Shakspeare, are discernible the touches of a master; and the spectator who has the least relish for the writings of Nature's bard, will gaze at them with delight and admiration.

In a future number we shall give a description of the paintings and engravings which crowd this *gallery of instruction, amusement and fashion*.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Messrs. BIRCH and SMALL, of Philadelphia, have just published the first volume of RUSSELL's *Ancient Europe*. It is printed in the same size and style with their edition of *Modern Europe*, by the same author.

Messrs. CONRAD and Co. booksellers of Philadelphia, have published the three first volumes of their *Select Novels*. The work throughout is executed in a uniform and neat manner, ornamented with good engravings.

CORNELIUS DAVIS, of this city, bookseller, has just published, *Worlds displayed, for the Benefit of young People; by a familiar History of some of their Inhabitants*. The design of this little book is to impress the minds of young people with the importance of time and eternity, and to exhibit their close connection.

A *Discourse, delivered on the Annual Fast in Massachusetts*, by NATHANIEL EMMONS, D. D. Pastor of the Church in Franklin, has been printed by T. & J. SWORDS, for C. DAVIS. In this sermon a parallel is

attempted to be drawn between the President of the United States and Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, "*who drove Israel from following the Lord*." It appears that this discourse was prepared and delivered about one month after the inauguration of Mr. JEFFERSON.

A Pamphlet, under the signature of *Lucius Junius Brutus*, lately issued from the press of Mr. G. F. HOPKINS, in this city, entitled, "*An Examination of the President's Reply to the New-Haven Remonstrance, with an Appendix, &c. &c.*" The author of this severe scrutiny into the administration of Mr. JEFFERSON is not known.

LONDON FASHIONS,

FOR SEPTEMBER.

FULL DRESS.—An evening dress of lilac, or other colored muslin, the body made quite plain, and trimmed round with lace; the sleeves very short and trimmed round the bottom with broad lace. The hair dressed and ornamented with a bandeau, of crape and flowers.

WALKING DRESS.—A round dress of cambric muslin, the body made full, and drawn round the bosom with a frill; and long sleeves. Spanish cloak of white muslin, trimmed all round with lace. A bonnet of white or buff muslin, trimmed and tied under the chin with white ribbon.

HEAD DRESSES.—A bonnet of white chip and pink crape, ornamented with a pink and white feather.

2. A bonnet made of lilac silk, ornamented with lilac ribbons, and a white ostrich feather.

3. A cap of white lace, made open behind to admit the hair, and tied under the chin with a bow of lilac ribbons; a small lilic bow on the top.

4. A bonnet of brown willow: two feathers of the same color placed in front, to fall on the right side.

5. A straw hat turned up in front, and ornamented with a flower.

6. A small round cap of white lace, with pink bows at the side and on the top.

7. A close bonnet of white cambric muslin trimmed, and tied under the chin with white ribbon.

8. A white chip hat ornamented with a wreath of flowers.

OBSERVATIONS.—The favorite colors are brown, yellow and buff; and in flowers, scarlet, crimson, and rose colors. Imperial chips, and flowers and feathers are generally worn.



Parnassian Garland.

ORIGINAL.

AN ELEGY.

ON THE DEATH OF MARY.

TWELVE moons have eclips'd the sad sun
Since Mary expir'd on my breast;
As many their courses have run
Since pleasure my sorrow hath chas'd.

Adieu to the scenes I once lov'd,
For Mary no more shall awake;
No more by my side shall she rove,
The joys of these scenes to partake.

Adieu to the shade-weaving trees
That nodded her music to hear;
Adieu to the tale-bearing breeze
That linger'd her music to bear.

Thou, too o'er her ashes hast mourn'd
And sympathis'd when I have sigh'd;
Thou, too, wilt revisit her urn,
For thou, too, did'st weep when she died.

Adieu to the wood-skirted lawn,
Where tulips and asphodels wave;
Which oft at the peep of the dawn
I've pluck'd for her burin to grave.

Adieu to the roaring cascade,
Thou sweet-prattling riv'let adieu;
Adieu to the bank and the shade,
Where beds of white violets grew.

Adieu to the arbour and grove,
Where oft with my Mary I've stray'd;
And talk'd of the raptures of love,
And tenderly felt what I said.

Adieu to the hill and the vale,
That oft have repeated my sighs;
And wept when I told them her tale,
And drank the big tear from my eyes,

Adieu, ye sweet minstrel's; no more
Can I to your warblings incline;
Except when her death you deplore,
And mingle your dirges with mine.

Adieu to the pleasures of home,
Since Mary no longer is there;
Thro' wilds long forgotten I'll roam,
There nought will upbraid my despair.

Those calm, social scenes I once lov'd,
But Mary no more shall awake;
No more by my side shall she rove,
The joys of these scenes to partake.

Beyond the Atlantic's wide wave,
On Helena's high rugged shore;
The sea-holly nods o'er her grave,
Which sorrow hath moisten'd before.

No marble informs where she lies;
No sexton recorded her death:
The hard, rough mariner sighs
As he calls to the winds for her breath.

No sabbath e're dawns with a smile;
No tidings from heav'n are told;
No church-bell is heard on the isle
Where Mary lies lowly and cold.

The thistle waves high o'er her head,
The beast on the turf makes his lair;
And slaves on her soft bosom tread,
Unconscious that Mary lies there.

The red-breast remembers the spot,
For oft at the falling of eve;
She hops from her cambering knot
To strew a brown leaf o'er her grave.

The turtle has found a new mate;
The widower ceases to mourn;
But I must submit to my fate,
For Mary will never return.

A. HUMLIN.

New York, Oct. 31, 1801.

SELECTED.

ODE

TO ANTIQUATED VIRGINITY.

HAIL! spotless Virgin! free from sin!
Sweet, modest maiden, hail!
To gain whose person, tall and thin,
None e'er could yet prevail.

Your mopstick arms, from flesh quite free,
We view with sweet delight;
Your waist, as thin as thin can be,
Enchants our wond'ring sight!

(In flowing numbers, fain would I
Your wond'rous praises sing,
And let Imagination fly
On Fancy's soaring wing.

With crabbed looks, and sour grimace,
You mope like owl or bat,
And, with a most enchanting grace,
Purr like your tabby cat.

Your meagre face, drawn up so prim,
Holds every heart secure;
And should you chance but once to grin,
'Tis death beyond a cure!

But here I stop....for my poor brain
Allows the task too hard:
To celebrate your vestal train,
Requires an abler bard.

THE RIGHTS OF BOTH SEXES.

In Woolstonecraft's page *Bridget Barewell*
was skill'd,

And her fancy with novel inventions was fill'd;
But Bridget improv'd on Miss Woolstone-
craft's plan,

And projected some small revolution in man.
" 'Tis plain," she exclaim'd, "that the sexes
should share,

In each other's employments, amusements
and cares.

I'm taught in man's duties and honors to join,
And therefore let man be partaker of mine:
Since to share with my husband in logic I'm fit,
In classical lore, mathematics, and wit;
In return, he shall wield the pot, kettle, and
ladle.

And unite in the charge of the kitchen and
cradle."

Thus Bridget resolv'd things in future should
be,

As she dandled two twins, a week old, on
her knee.

When her husband came home she deve-
lop'd her plan,

And bade him begin those new duties of
man:

"Henceforth, John," she cried, "our em-
ployments are common,

Be woman like man, and be man-like to
woman;

Here, take up this child, John, and I'll keep
his brother:

While I wet-nurse the one, you shall dry-nurse
the other."

MYRTILLA IN ILLNESS.

I HAVE no breezes that restore

Declining health, and faded joy:

I have not; or disease no more

Should seize, embitter, and destroy.

And, are a few unnumber'd hours

Scarce past to their eternal bier,

Since, in the summer's fragrant bow'rs,

I met my love without a tear?

She knew not tears....her cheerful eye

Beam'd with the lustre of the morn;

And if she felt the passing sigh,

It was of gentlest sorrow born.

But now!....I would....I cannot tell

The pangs that on her senses prey,

Nor look while one belov'd so well,

Sits wearied with the brightest day!

Again she sighs; and I must see

Her vernal hours, o'ercharg'd with grief!

Again she weeps; and I must see

That painful tear, without relief!

Oh....GOD OF LOVE! if I may fall

In suppliance at thine awful throne,

And, while dismay encircles all,

Make my unnoted sorrows known.

To thee, from depths of deep distress,

I still would raise the bleeding heart;

Nor wilt thou love the sufferer less,

Who claims, in hope, his better part.

Mercy is thine; and thou can'st heal

The mortal of this mortal man:

And to his mind, thou can'st reveal

A better, an immortal plan.

EPIGRAM.

Sylla declares the world shall know,

That he's my most determin'd foe.

I wish him wide the tale to spread;

For all that I from Sylla dread,

Is, lest the knave, to serve some end,

Should one day, swear, that he's my friend.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

BY PHINEHAS HEARD,

AT THE COLUMBIAN PRINTING-OFFICE,

NO. 24, CEDAR-STREET, OPPOSITE THE

SCOTCH PRESBYTERIAN CH